## NOTES FROM LONDON.

MR. BRIGHT, MR. BALFOUR, DANTON, AND MR HOWELLS.

London, Oct. 20.

Though I have spoken much," says Mr. Bright in a letter published this week, "I am not sure that I am qualified to teach even what I have practised with some show of success." He tells his correspondent, however, what his own practice

"When I intend to speak on anything that ems to me important, I consider what it is that I wish to impress upon my audience. I do not write my facts or my arguments, but make notes on two or three or four slips of note paper, giving French the line of argument and the facts as they occur call while I am speaking."

This last is in substance the advice which Mr. Pitt gave Lord Mornington, who consulted him about speaking. It is misleading and has misled more students of oratory than one. Mr. Pitt had a copious vocabulary and was never at a loss for a Few men at the start are thus endowed. Mr. Bright cautions his correspondent against relying too much on his advice, and the caution is ound, though not for the reason which Mr. Bright modestly suggests to him. What is good for the which he says nothing, has acquired not merely what is called command of language but one of without that natural genius which is born with ne men and not with others. But even Mr. Bright does not trust to the words coming at call in critical passages. "There are," he says, "occasionally short passages which, for accuracy, I may write down, as sometimes also-almost invariably-the concluding words or sentences may be written." The very passages, that is, on which his fame as an orator rests, have been written. That is a very different thing from writing out and committing to memory a whole to return to it. To suppose that, because he is against writing except in passages, he is against careful preparation would be an entire mistake. he ever thought the general preparation of a lifespecial preparation of its own,

is not, I suppose, a person to your taste. But Mr. Balfour in his capacity of crator has one good quality among others, which some of these who like him least, whether in England or Ireland, might imitate. He keeps his temper. His neigh bors in Haddingtonshire gave him a dinner this week. Of course, he made a speech, and, of course, in such circumstances, he had to say something about himself, and about his opponents in public life. Nothing could be more good natured. Mr. Godkin would condemn the speech, for it exhibits none of that ferocity which he requires of those who deal with Irish questions, or other questions. But I think everybody else would see that it is the speech of a man who has much kindness of nature, which politics have not yet embittered. He speaks of himself as the best abused man within the four seas, even not counting Irish abuse. This last he regards as a matter of course. "It has been a blessing vouchsafed in equal measure to my predecessors as to myself. It is a mere detion of the office which we hold, and just as in England we put M. P. or F. R. S. after anybody's name as an indication of his position, so do our Irish friends put before people's names such epithets as base, bloody, and brutal." Then he compliments his Irish friends on their copiousness of diction, adding, however, that their knowlthe parallel they have been good enough to draw between my political career and such benefactors of the human race as Nero and Caligula. But Mr. Gladstone has recently come to their assistance and he has added to these three alliterative epithets of which I have just reminded you, a fourth in the shape of Bomba." Then he goes on to explain that his wickedness has appeared to some of his adversaries so appailing that they were unable to believe him entirely responsible for it, and sought an origin for his iniquities in the iniquity of his ancestors, notably the wicked Duke of Lauderdale, Well, says Mr. Balfour, the Duke of Lauderdale was no doubt a very wicked man,

Mr. Balfour in his capacity of Irish Secretary

Our friend,-or ex-friend-" The Daily News," always difficult to please, does not like Mr. Balfour's easy indifference to attack, and thinks it vain of him to describe himself as the best abused man within the four seas. To that, as to all other pre-eminences, Mr. Gladstone is entitled. Besides, says this virtuous organ, who has ever abused Mr. Balfour personally? Not we. Not, I saltpetre, so great for years had been the action suppose, the particular "we" who penned this of damp upon them. outburst. But the other "we" has in times not very remote written of Mr. Balfour in terms which his Irish friends themselves might accept as sufficiently descriptive of an Irish Secretary, and to which Mr. Godkin would not deny the merit of ferocity. I wish Mr. Godkin would write another essay on this subject. The first is not perhapso fresh in the public mind as it should be, and his own columns during the past few months would, I dare say, furnish him with many illustrations. This is but conjecture on my part, for I do not often see his paper, but I cannot suppose so good a man would omit to practise what he preaches.

he had no children."

In default, for the moment only, I hope, of Mr. Godkin, Mr. T. P. O'Connor offers himself as a substitute; and this is what he says in "The ar," which may perhaps be called the evening

organ of Parnellism in London: We describe Mr. Balfour as a giddy, giggling girl, or a hysteric woman of the material that supplies the petroleuses of the French Revolution. Vanity-gigeling, girlish, empty-headed, lacka daisacal vanity-is his chief characteristic, with the dash of violence and brutality which always runs in hysteric natures."

This is pretty well, and the little slip about the petroleuses of the French Revolution will not be dwelt on, I hope, by Mr. Godkin, if he will only consider that the writer who makes it is his compatriot.

Everybody makes slips, but one of the strangest of recent days is surely the following from "The Standard" of October 16:

"De l'audace! De l'audace! et toujours de Paudace! was the motto of unquestionably the greatest French Parliamentary politician that ever lived, and M. Floquet, apparently, has been inspired by the famous dictum of Mirabeau."

This is the first sentence of the first editorial erticle in the leading Conservative paper of Great Britain. That it was Banton and not Mirabeau who used the phrase, or something like it, most readers must have known if the writer did not: who must have had an unhappy day of it among his colleagues in the office. It was not, however, Danton's "motto" any more than it was Mira-The sentence, which is, perhaps, the best known of all the orator ever uttered, was delivered in the Assembly on the arrival of the news that Verdun was besieged; the 2d September, 1792. Paris was in danger, the toesin had been sounded, the Commune had decreed a levy of 60,000 men, and Danton appeared in the Tribune Assembly to confirm the levy and to demand a decree of death who should refuse to serve.

'The toesin," cried he, " is not a signal of alarm c'est la charge sur les ennemis de la patrie. Pour les vaincre, il nous faut de l'audace, encore de l'audace, toujours de l'audace, et la France

est sauvee." "The Standard" has been inundated, no doubt, with letters written to point out this mistake and set it right. But it publishes none of them, and continues silent on the subject, considering, perhaps, that to its Tory readers one Frenchman is as good, or as bad, as another. Nor would the error be worth noticing if such errors were common in the best English papers. But they are uncommon.

What is, however, worth noticing, is a fact that seems to have passed unnoticed here. The of Justice only Minister other day unveiled a statue to Danton. to my mind, and I leave the words to come at The Conservatives might well ask if France means to revert to the Terror, one of whose heroes her Minister of Justice thus canonizes. Danton was much more, certainly, than the assassin and demagogue which some writers would make him out. It is to the Danton who summoned Frence to arms, who gave her the strength to resist invasion, who would have saved her from innumerable crimes and follies if his counsels had been followed to whom the France of today sets up a statue. But there was another Danton, who was the friend and accomplice of Marat, the Danton who organized the attack of Mr. Bright, by practice, and also by study, of the tenth August on the Tuileries, who, if The police kept him under surveillance and the outwhich he says nothing, has acquired not merely be did not organize, did not prevent, and is look was bad. Finally he told the landlord that he responsible for the September massacres; who the most perfect styles known in the history of organized the Revolutionary Tribunal, who was oratory. Neither practice nor study, nor both, member of the Committee of Public Safety, would have availed to attain to this perfection who proclaimed the Terror; who was, in a word, what Garat called him, "le grand-seigneur de la sans-culotterie." To separate the two is impossible, and a statue to one is a statue to both; to the Danton of the Cordeliers, not less than to the Danton whom Robespierre guillotined. The Floquet Ministry is, I suppose, the first to whom such an act would have been pos-

It has been remarked here that Mr. Howells has thought it necessary to offer excuses to the American public for the appearance of the word speech; "a double slavery which I could not bear honor in his books, spelled after the English it." Mr. Everett bore it, and other orators have fashion, "honour." The "u," says Mr. Howells borne it. They knew, I suppose, what best is superfluous. Readers who like to see the hissuited them; how they could best produce the tory of words preserved in the spelling of them, effect they wanted to produce. I have heard Mr. and to be reminded that "honor" comes to us Bright discuss this subject and I hope some day through the French "honneur," may not agree with Mr. Howells. But that is by the way. The point is that he has his books set up in Great Britain, in order to secure English copyright "To speak," he says, "without preparation, especially on great and solemn topics, is rashness and English and not in the American way. To cannot be recommended." I do not imagine that which circumstances, remarks an English critic, might not Mr. Howells, instead of apologizing to time of public speaking on great and solemn his countrymen for the English spelling of hontopics sufficient. Each great speech has had a our, try and teach them to spell honesty? I wish to accept no responsibility for such questions or comments as these, but I quote them as specimens of the present English way of thinking on a question of delicacy, if Matthew Arnold's G. W. S. word may still be used.

#### A NOVEL PARIS FASHION.

GLOVES THAT MISMATCH-PRESIDENT CAR-NOT'S TOUR.

FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE. Paris, October 19.
The odd (I mean no pun) fashion of mismatch ing pairs of gloves seem to take here. In the streets bad matches are less preminent than at the opera or theatre, where one may see a lorgnette up by one hand gloved in white held and another in black. This disparity is not offensive, when the gloves follow the shade of the dress or of its trimmings, or go with the feathers or flowers in the hair.

The President of the Republic and his wife are preparing to withstand a movement to suppress the Presidency. I fancy they will succeed France has been for too many centuries under a centralized monarchy to do well without a head of the State. There is a simplicity, too, in a chief of the executive, in whom the State is incarnate, which suits a nation whose political edge of history is less extensive than their invective: "There is a certain commonplaceness in his tour in the Lyonnais and Savoy, received 5,000 petitions. This alone proves that the Republicans who sent them are unconscious monarchists. Since his return he has diligently applied himself to the study of this mass of petitions, every one of which he will try to answer through a secretary in a way to give some kind of satisfac tion to the petitioners. His gifts and alms were really handsome. Madame Carnot is busying herself to provide, during the coming winter, warm clothing for indigent persons who are not strong enough to work and too much recovered from illness to be kept in hospitals where they have been under treatment.

The Prince of Wales is here for a few days. and no doubt if he could he would have added to He came straight from Vienna, where he had his many other political crimes the political crime | the mortification to find himself a less great of bringing me into the world. But, as it happens, man than the new-fledged Emperor, his nephew By all accounts he was deeply mortified at the triumph of William II. which he refused to swell. As the British Embassy is undergoing repairs His Royal Highness has not been entertained by Lord and Lady Lytton in the asual manner. The embassy was in a fearful condition. Ceiling beams were eaten up with dry rot, and the wallmight have supplied a powder manufactory with

#### WHY WAS HE MAD? From The Chicago Mail.

From The Chicago Mall.

Most Chicagoans will remember Bradley, the absconding employe of the Union National Bank, of this city; how he fied to Canada and how the people who liked him made up his deficit in the hope that he might come back home and be a free man. Whether he did or not I do not now remember, and it cuts no figure in the story following:

The day before Bradley's flight a barber whose account was at the Union National went over to the bank with his deposit, most of which was in dimes and quarters and halves. He unloaded them at Bradley's window, and Bradley began counting, handling the lot with his usud dexterity. He came to a Canadian quarter and shoved it back to the depositor.

"You don't take that!" said the barber. Bradley shook his head.

shook his head.
"Well, you had better; you can use it where you e going. turned red in the face and talked back to barber as if he would eat him if he could get at m. He said such a remark was an insuit and receted upen his honesty.

The barber apologized, but the next day Bradley

The barber appropries.

The barber tells the story now as he takes a customer by the nose and shaves the upper lip, and says that a barber knows some things that are going on as well as other folks.

### PROSPECTUS OF A MODEL NEWSPAPER.

PROSPECTUS OF A MODEL NEWSPAPER.

From The Cedartown (Ga.) Guardian.

Bright and breezy, with sails all spread and our colors nailed to the mast, we bear down upon you this morning.

Here is news for the one who wants to keep up with the times; social chit chat for the gossip lover; politics for the public minded; facts and fancies for the farmers; fun for the folicsome, and pathos for the poetical.

It is chuck full of readable matter, and he must be an unappreciative cuss who fails to be amused and entertained, instructed and interested, by perusing the columns of the dandlest weekly in the crackingest town in Georgia.

The children cry for it and the old folks are puckering up their mouths for a regular boo-hoo because they haven't got it.

Along next spring when you get billous and wake up in the morning feeling swell-eyed and hateful, this paper will come to you with its sides builging out with lanch and song, and you will grin so loud and so wide that you will have to carry an umbrella to keep the sun from shining down your throat and warping your ribs.

your ribs.

We don't mean to claim that this is a humorous paper, still it is a numerous paper, after all, but there are a heap of selemn features connected with it. (We put this in to catch the hypochondriacs who don't know any better.)

There's maily a laugh that sounds wildly hilarious, that, if you but knew it, has as discordant a ring as where some unseen hand strikes the cold iron around a tomb.

tomb.
We will take almost anything, except contumely or We will take almost anything, except containing or cussing, for subscription. Corn, cotton, potatoes, syrup, cattle, hors, horses, farm lands, city lots, or general merchandise. Come in and see us whether you want the paper or not, for we are worth looking at. Then you might give us some valuable hints and suggestions as to the best way to run a paper.

Now we hope you feel better. We are done, and you can go ahead with your rat killing, but don't forget that "The Guardian" is your friend and will love you when you're old and ugly and everybody alse hatce you.

GOSSIP AT THE CAPITAL.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE DEBT GAMBLER SHEEDY OWES CLEVELAND.

AND THE MANNER IN WHICH HE PROPOSES TO SETTLE-A LESSON IN MANNERS-SENATOR

PALMER WRITING A NOVEL Washington, Nov. 3 .- One of the men who follow the races remarked after reading The Tribune's ex-posure of the scheme by which "Pat" Sheetly is to help carry Connecticut for Cleveland that the noted gambler merely looked upon it as discharging a perenal debt. "Pat" Sheedy was once an altar boy in New-Haven and he feels that he can do better work on his native heath than elsewhere. His fraternity understand why he feels an interest in Mr. Cleveland's success, because he has often told the story. In the first place, he looks upon Mr. Cleveland as a gentle-A testimonial of this sort from the gentleman man. who managed John L. Sullivan's tour ought to be worth something. But further than this the President once did the esteemed Mr. Sheedy a service. It was when he was the reform Mayor of Buffalo. Sheedy had been following the races and in keeping up his reputation as a high roller he had "gone broke." To recoup himself he determined to start a little game where the gentlemen of Buffalo could indulge their tastes for taking big chances. I shan't give the name of the hotel where Mr. Sheedy put up, but it was not a second-class one and Buffalonians may be able to locate it. The local gamblers did not take kindly to the newcomer and they started in to freeze him out. to freeze him out and he had no "pull" with the

"Suppose you have a talk with Mayor Cleveland,"

suggested the landlord. Eh, what ?" said Mr. Sheedy. "Oh, I don't mean about your business. Only to get acquainted with him. If he likes you I shouldn't wonder, the', if you weren't annoyed any more. The Mayor's a friend of mine. He comes around here some-

times and the first chance I'll introduce you." Mr. Sheedy was delighted. It so happened that the following day Mayor Cleveland dropped into the hotel and the obliging landlord at once brought the two congenial spirits together. Mr. Sheedy became the entertainer. Several bottles of wine were opened. The cigars were good. They talked horse and Mr. Sheedy, who is really a pleasant fellow to meet, related many of his experiences as a high roller, they parted the Mayor incidentally remarked,

"Well, Mr. Sheedy, I hope your stay in Buffalo will be pleasant. You'll be here some time, I suppose?"
"I don't know," replied Mr. Sheedy dublously. I should like to stay till the races are over."

" By all means," was the Mayor's hearty response According to his own statement, Mr. Sheedy's game was not molested after that and the police surveillance was withdrawn. The local gamblers who had been trying to freeze him out became scared and came to Mr. Sheedy to negotiate for "protection." But he haughtliy refused to have anything to do with them, beyond rebuking their inhospitality, to a stranger who, as they thought, had no influence. Mr. Sheedy ran a square game and quit Buffalo rich in pocket and grateful in mind. In 1884 when Mr. Cleveland was assalled Mr. Sheedy defended him among the fraternity as a "gentleman." Last year it was probably the udest moment of his life when he took the Hon. Mr. Sullivan to the White House and introduced him to the President, also as a " gentieman."

"I see," said an old stump speaker, "that Gen. George A. Sheridan has been poking a little goodnatured fun at Senator Evarts because the Senato used up a whole evening and didn't leave time for any of the other speakers to have their say. It is one of the trials of a popular "stumper" to be frequently shut out in that way by a gentleman of National repu-Sheridan has had such an experience several times and I don't wonder that he is a little sensitive Not many years ago he was advertised to address a big Republican meeting at Toledo. It happened that Judge West, the eloquent blind orator and a man of great popularity among the Buckeyes, was in the city at that time. The local managers invited him to present and make a few introductory remarks. Though his health was poor, the Judge promised to be on hand and, if he had strength enough, to say a few He was there, but his feebleness was so apparent that the managers of the meeting almost feit ashamed that they had asked his presence. They, however, assured the Judge that he would only be asked to make a very brief speech to enable them to keep their promise and not disappoint his friends. Judge West was greeted as he always is, with enthusiasm. At the outset he told his hearers he was not feeling well that evening and the condition of his health must excuse any extended remarks. But when all about his physical troubles and entered upon a comprehensive discussion of the issues of the cam-When half an hour had passed, George Sheridan, who was seated on the platform, began to get uneasy. At the end of an hour he was fidgety. Two hours passed and as the stream of eloquence flowed on Sheridan showed signs of disgust. The audience, which had come to hear him, was also getting impatient, but the high respect in which the speaker was held prevented any demonstration. As the third hour was nearing its end Sheridan got up and after putting on his overcoat sat down again. The people applauded and Judge West innocently enough suppothe applause was meant for himself and took a fresh His strength, however, had really given out and a few minutes after 11 he closed rather abruptly, saying he would discuss the subject he had just taken up some other evening when he was feeling better.

"You may imagine that the people who had waited all this time to hear George Sheridan were not going to be disappointed. They called for him uproariously and without removing his overcoat, he came forward. His talk was something like this,

" 'Fellow Citizens. The hour is late. I was advertised to address you to-night. I came all the way from Cincinnati to do it. I want to keep my promise. But before I begin you must understand the situation. It is only fair to warn you that I am not feeling very well myself to-night-

"Sheridan never finished the sentence. The crowd laughed itself wild. Then it promised to take the consequences of his ill-health and for half an hour he told his inimitable stories without bothering much about their application. But the address he expected to make to the Toledo people was never delivered and if you ask him about it you'll find he is still sore on the subject."

A lesson in manners was not long ago taught to a member of Mr. Cleveland's Cabinet by the untutored savages of the Wild West. The individual was Colonel Vilas and the teachers were the Sloux chief who came to Washington to see about opening up their reservation in Dakota. The day of their ar-rival they went to the Interior Department and had a formal interview with the Secretary. The Indians were tired out with their long railroad journey and had ot expected to discuss the reservation matter at all. Mr. Vilas, magnifying his importance as a member of a "business" Administration, proposed to have the In-dians make their statement then and there. He curtly told them so, though the interpreter and the delegation replied that it would talk over the matter few days later. Then the chiefs made a dignified withdrawal. The hint was lost on the Secretary When the next interview took place the most noted chiefs were ready to make speeches. John Grass, the Chief Justice of the Nation; Gall, the most influ ential of them all; and one or two others had spoken and Mr. Vilas got very impatient. The chiefs went over the same ground largely and this was a clear waste of time for a business Cabinet officer. pared to stop it. Swift Bear had risen in his place follow the line of talk begun by John Grass and Gall. Vilas to the interpreter sharply. "The others hav gone over that master. Let him take it up at the oint where the others left off. That will save time the secretary's words. The stoical features of the Indians showed no signs of feeling, but a chorus of

nd after making some conciliatory remarks began to "Tell him not to mind that," said Mr. secretary The interpreter looked surprised, but he translated ughs" went up and several of the chiefs turned to Sitting Bell. Swift Bear, to whom the Secretary's words had been especially addressed, crossed hi arms and calmly sat down without deigning any reply. The other chiefs also sat quiet. An embarrassing s some of the lookers on declared that secretary Vilas blushed. For nearly ten minutes the silence was maintained. Then Swift hear after exchanging a few words with the two old chiefs who sat near him again arose. This time he did not shake hands with the cretary and his manner was not conciliatory. did not show the slightest sign that the action of Mr. Vilas had made any impression on his mind. He began where the other chiefs had begun and as the interpreter translated his words it was noticed that they were almost identical with what had already been said. Little Wound, Crow Eagle and other Chiefs who spoke later also went over the same ground. The Secretary of the Interior did not attempt to instruct | Hilton, A. M. Sprague, William H. Ser bner, George

them where they should begin or when they should |

Those persons whose duties or inclination have called them to the White House so frequently that they have become familiar with the faces of the doorkeepers, ushers and other attendants have for the past year missed the well-known form of Thomas Pendle, one of the oldest employes of the Mansion. It is the general belief that the advent of the Cleveland Administration caused the Major, as he is called by everybody, to hand in his resignation. This is not the case however, as the great expounder of the Bible is still on the payroll although he no longer ushers visitors through the great rooms and points out their historical and social features in his peculiar sing-song tones. Mator Pendlo has simply been transferred to other

duties and this is how the change came about : The Major, as is well known to all his acquair tances, is a church deacon and so intensely religious that he carries a Bible in his coat-tall pocket and spends all his leisure moments in perusing it. He is never so happy as when holding a theological discussion, and as Christianity and the truths of the Bible have been a life-long study with him, he generally defeats his opponent. About a year ago Colonel Lamont sent for Major Pendle and told him that his callers were growing too numerous in the latter part of the day and that hereafter they must not be allowed to come up-stairs.

"You must tell them that I am not in," said the diplomatic Lamont and the Major with a sigh said he

For two or three days all went well and Mr. Pendle told all the unwelcome callers that Colonel Lamont was not in and with a grave face expressed entire ignorance as to his whereabouts. Then the church deacon's onscience began to prick him and he hesitated and wore a guilty smile when making his statements about the Colonel. After each breach of truth he would have recourse to his pocket Bible, but only to find himself more than ever a sinner. Finally he could stand it no longer and going to Colonel Lamont he told him that he could not consistently with his standing and character as a christian conlinue to tell white lies, and that unless he could be relieved of his new and disagrecable duties he would resign. Colonel Lamont appreciated the position of the con-scientious Major and transferred him to another place. He is on the night force now and as he begins his vigil at midnight and ends early in the morning he is rarely seen by any of his old friends. Whether he works at night or makes equivocal statements to callers in the day time, Thomas Pendle will no doubt be an employe of the White House until he dies. He is one of the oldest attaches of the Mansion, having seen more than thirty years' service. He was a special favorite of Abraham Lincoln's and knows more of the old history and tradition of the White House than any man in it. He opened the door for Mr. Lincoln the night he went to his death at Ford's Theatre and has in his possession the dress coat that the martyred President wore when he fell under Booth's shot. Major Pendle will cheerfully talk by he hour of the good old days in the Executive Mansion or about the blessings of the Christian religion. but he cannot be made to tell visitors that Colonel Lamont is out when he is in.

Senator Palmer is writing a novel and his desir to complete and put it on the market within the coming year is one of the chief reasons that led him to acnounce to his constituents recently that he would not e a candidate for re-election. Mr. Palmer has always been fond of literary pursuits and has repeatedly said to his intimate friends that the ideal life is that of the newspaper correspondent. Both in Detroit and Washington the Senator has often amused himself by furnishing suggestions for newspaper articles and has frequently tried his hand at writing himself and with good success. His vast business interests prevent him from following his inclinations in the matter of newspaper work, however, and so he intends to see what he can do in the way of writing a book. He began his labor of love last spring and during the dull days of the long session of Congress when all the rooms in his big house except his bed-room and office were dismantled and closed he put in many hours of good, solid work with the pen. He frequently burned the midnight oil over his task and discarding the assistance of his secretary and friends he has worked away

with great industry. The Senator has not yet chosen a title for his book nor has he fully arranged the details of his plot. fact this part of the task is giving him considerable annovance, as the ambitious author has as yet been totally unable to dispose of his characters properly or to make the different parts of the story which he has perfectly outlined fit together. The hero of the Senator's book is a sad-faced young man who is engaged in a constant war with fate and who is destined for an untimely and unnatural death. The only source of inspiration possessed by the Senator in preparing his story is a huge white cat named "Sam," who has great intelligence When the writer is in doubt about the wording of a feeling well that evening and the condition of his health must excuse any extended remarks. But when he got started in the earnestness of his talk he forgot feline's tall in the air as stiff as a rod. If "No," is drops to the floor with a dull thud. When Congress adjourned Mr. Palmer had come to a question that even "Sam" could not answer. This is "what to do with the hero ?" He is a dead weight on the author's hands and things have come to that point where the sad-faced young man must be disposed of or the writing of the book suspended. The Senator's colleagues and other friends have been called upon for advice on this point and Senator Manderson advises that the sad-faced young man be arrested and locked up until some way can be discovered to finally and effectually dispose of him. Senator Palmer present stumping Michigan for Harrison and Morton and hopes to think up some way of getting rid of his hero during his travels. When he does he will rush his book to completion.

> Although there has been much adverse and unfriendly criticism of the last and longest American Congress on record, and more particularly of the coarse, unseemly humors and beer-garden scenes which especially marked the historic dead-lock on the "Direct Tax bill," still it is cheering to find that in the last three decades the methods and manners of our National Legislators have much improved, even " in the heat of debate."

In the course of the exciting debates in Congress in 1858, upon the famous Lecompton troubles in Kansas, a Washington correspondent wrote to "The Albany Evening Journals:

"Lawrence M. Keitt must have been a 'nigger driver' ere he came to Congress. His vulgar swagger, authoritative shake of the head and whip-like jerk of the arm, as he marches up and down the aisle on the Democratic side of the chamber crying out to his party colleagues in sharp tones, 'Stand up'! 'Go through the teilers'' 'St down'.' 'Don't Vote!' 'Vote No.' all indicate that he has officiated as whipper-in of slaves on a cotton or rice plantation."

And again: "Some bands were laid on knives and pistols, but me were drawn. One member with a Colt in his "Some hands were laid on knives and pistors, on none were drawn. One member with a Colt in his pocket, anticipating a bloody issue, mounted a chair, so that he could see to do good service without hitting his friends. A reporter in the gallery who happened to find a long knife in his pocket, tred to climb down to the floor, but finding this in vain, he proposed to drop his knife down, when a friend suggested that it might fall into the hands of his enemies; whereupon he laid down his knife and took up his pen."

Further on, I find this:

"When all had passed, the Speaker, who had borne himself firmly through the wild scene, was pale and nervous. The lips of many anti-Leconptonites were compressed, and the responsive 'yea' or 'nay,' during the remaining hours of the night, was hissed through teeth rather than uttered from the mouth. If the mortal struggle which at one moment was anticipated had commenced, and blood had teen shed, the anti-Lecomptonites would have made a clean sweep of the hall. All may know that these gentlemen are in no frame of mind to submit quietly to insult.

The South is cowed; I know what I say-cowed. The promptness with which Grow knocked Keitt down, in the very midst of the Southern side of the Chamber, and the alaerity and fire with which some fifty Republicans bounded across the hall to Join the struggle appalled the slaveholders. Father Giddings said to-day: 'I have sat in this House twenty years and I never saw the slave power so completely baffled and cowed as during this fifteen hours' contest."

Imagine a Washington correspondent of the present Further on, I find this :

upon General John H. Glewson, a gallant, but some what unfortunate ex-Union soldier, in The Tribune of Sunday last. Justice appears equally to demand that the Public Printer's mendacious statement of the facts as published in several Democrate newspapers should also be set right. Reformer Benedict, masquerading as the friend and protector of the ex-Union soldier, is quite a different person from the self-same Benedict so scathingly rebuiled in the minority report of the Investigating Committee of the last Congress before which he testified, and the same defective memory and utter looseness of statement for which he was then distinguished appear to characterize him now. He states that when he succeeded his predeces-sor, the late S. P. Rounds, he found but four ex Union soldiers among the watchmen of the Government Printing Office, whereas, as The Tribune is advised, there were just double that number, of whom the soldier-loving Benedict promptly "bounced" six. The names of these watchmen are as follows: Xenophon Peck, J. H. Patterson, William H. Murphy, Alphonso

W. Elam, and F. A. Hopping. The six men first named were dismissed, all being Republicans; one of them, William H. Scribner, in spite of the fact that he had not only lost a leg but had to have a second amputation, or "resection," performed upon the stump in his term of service under Public Printer Bounds. This latter dismissal, however, caused such a scandal, that even Reformer Benedict, for very shame's sake, was forced to reinstate the victim, who, it is asserted, has since hal a third amputation performed. Elam and Hopping, the only two ex-soldiers retained, are said

to be Democrats. Equally fatuous appears to be Benedict's claim that General Gleason was an opponent of the late Fernando Wood, of New-York, as a careful examination of the political records during the period covered by Mr. Wood's political career as a Representative fails to disclose Gleason's name as a candidate. An investigation of this whole matter has disclo

a conduct of affairs at the Government Printing Office by Reformer Benedict of a much graver and more startling character, and which will have an abiding interest for the voters and possibly for the local Ju-diciary of New-York. Attention has already been drawn in these dispatches to the unblushing and illegal canvass for Democratic campaign funds which has been carried on by Benedict, but it is now charged that he has been putting the acrews on his force, in the in-terest of his party's vote in his native State in such fashion as will get some members of it into very serious trouble, if not indeed into the penitentiary. Quite a prominent employe of his has, it is said, recently urned from registering in New-York City from the residence of a brother of his there, whose legal voting place is well known to be in Philadelphia, although he has also, at different times, claimed a residence in Atlanta, Georgia, and also in Virginia, having had temporary employment in both the States named. Another member of the force, appointed from Michigan in Garfield's Administration, and who has resided here ever since, is said to be fraudulently registered in New-York. The latter was "bounced" by Benedict for being a Republican, but was restored, having evidently given satisfactory pledges of a "change of heart" and of his burning ambition to vote for "Cleveland and Reform."

These are said to be but "sample bricks" of a num ber of cases, and the names of the would-be voters, which are now withheld for obvious reasons, will be duly forwarded to the proper authorities in New-York for thorough investigation and appropriate action.

THE NEW SCIENCE IN THE NORTHWEST. "CHRISTIAN SCIENCE" IN THE NORTHWEST.

From The Minneapolis Tribune.

Isn't this new Christian science just perfectly lovely?" said the young lady from St. Paul, as she chatted with her Minneapolis friend over the bargain

hat on earth is that? I never heard of it," and

counter.

"What on earth is that? I never heard of it," and the Minneapolis girl peered around excitedly on the feminine glitter of a big dry-goods house. Was it possible that there was a new fad in the fashions and she ignorant, horrible?

"Oh. my, it isn't to wear," smiled the other condescendingly, rummaging over the pile of ribbons reduced from 50 cents to 10 cents. "It's a something you do. It's a new science, a sort of medicine. Mais just perfectly wild over it. Pa says, whenever we talk of it, and you know how set pa is? well, he says rats, and slams the doors, but makes no difference to ma and I. Pa is not at all up in spiritual things, and ma is so progressive. Why, do you know," selecting a collar reduced from 15 cents to 4 cents, "that this new science is more fun than anything."

"But what do you do?" persisted the other, grabbing over another woman's head at a reduced handkerchief.

"Why we just deny things; sickness, you know, headaches or neuralgia or any thing. We say there is no pain, and there isn't. That is, we believe there isn't, which is the same thing."

"Still I can't understand."

"Well, I should remark you couldn't. Nobody can till they are instructed. Ma and I paid \$100 for the full course. We were just as ignorant as you are. We were just awfully dull at the beginning, and now, we can do just everything."

"How do you do it?" said the Minneapolis girl with growing Interest.

till they are instructed. Ma and I paid \$100 for her full course. We were just as ignorant as you are. We were just awfully dull at the beginning, and now, we can do just everything."

"How do you do it!" said the Minneapolis girl with growing interest.

"I told you by denying it," snapped the other. "Our hired girl had an awful toothache, and was going to quit right in the middle of house cleaning. Will you believe me, ma just began to deny it, and say there is no pain; there is nothing but good. She told the girl to say it, too. The next day the girl was well. Pa said, but pa can be so disagreeable, most people are who are without inner vision, he said it was nothing on earth but creosote and camphor and liniment and ashes."

"That might have helped her," ventured the Minneapolis girl.

"Not at all. It was just ma's going off in a dark room by herself, shutting her teeth, fixing her eyes and denying fi, that did if."

"How lovely that must be." sighed the other, enviously regarding the wise St. Paul girl.

The friends having finished the purchase of two yards of face and the collar, and having handled everytring within reach, tripped to the outer door.

They discovered too late the proximity of a French boot-heel and a hermuda banana peel.

There was a flutter, a crash and a swift running of chromatic scales. The lovely St. Paul girl was curled up like a white pine shaving.

"Oh, dear! O! dear! I've got an internal injury. My arm is broken and my back. O! my head, my head, "and she climbed up into the arms of her friend. "Not at all," smilled the other girl cheerfully. There's nothing the matter with you. You're not hars a bit. There's no pain. You are just as well as I am. You didn't break your back or skin your elbow or bump your head, all is good—

"Why, you nasty thing," sobbed the dusty, broken up the sinuations.

"But there is no pain; you said so. I was just practising your sclence. I thought—"

give me my parasol. I don't thank you for such insinuations.

"But there is no pain; you said so. I was just
practising your science. I thought—"

"th! You thought you would be smart. Well,
there's my car. Its time for my train. Good evening to you," and off she bounced.

The Minneapolis girl prinked herself a minute before the show window, which isn't a bad mirror, and
started home, murmuring: "Wasn't that funny."

### ADVERTISEMENT AND CRITICISM.

From The New-York Mirror. From The New-York Mirror.

"I advertise in the newspapers for the purpose of presenting to the eyes of theatre-goers the current attraction at my house," said Manager Frohman.

"I cannot object to any just or dignified criticism which the newspaper's critic may choose to write of the performance. I do not connect the two departments. I do not think that the advertising, therefore, subsidizes criticism. The latter is a distinct function which I encourage rather than censure."

Manager Mart W. Hanley was busy paying off the salarits of Mr. Harrigan's company when the representative entered the office of the Park, but he spoke willingly.

sentative entered the office of the Park, but he spoke willingly.

"I believe," he said, "in every manager using his own indement with regard to advertising. That is what we do here. I do not believe, though, in paying any newspaper, daily or weekly, an amount of money—no matter how large or how small—to abuse me. No manager is justified in doing that. But honest criticism I believe in, and I am only too happy to say that I have always been very fortunate in all my dealings with the press, not only in this city, but throughout America. Among newspaper men I find my warmest friends,"

Manager Harry Miner was seen at the People's Theatre, making preparations with H. C. Jarrett for a European trip.

Theatre, making proparations with H. C. Jarrett for a European trip.

"I think," said Mr. Miner, "that the critic on a newspaper has a perfect right to say just what he thinks of any play or star, because that is his opinion, and to express that opinion he is sent there. Otherwise every star and play would get no end of commendation, simply because it would be bought.

Certainly if I've got a bad thing I don't want the newspaper critics to give me a good notice. If he does, when I had the luck to get a good thing and receive favorable criticism for it the confiding public would not believe that it was good, and I would be a loser in the end. I think that if it were for the notices alone that I put in an advertisement, it would pay me to take it out and send down favorable criticisms instead, paying for them at so much per line as reading notices with the inevitable 'adv.' at the end. I have often profited much by the advice of critics, and I value the opinions of those of this city very highly."

Managar Frank B. Murtha was found to have very emphatic opinions.

Manager Frank R. Murka was found to have very emphatic opinions.

"As far as I am concerned," he said, "I have never yet asked a newspaper man for a favorable criticism. I put my advertisements in the papers for the public to see what's being played at my theatre, and so far as critics are concerned, I think they have the right to write exactly as they see fit, provided it is their honest conviction and not the result of prejudice. If a man comes here to criticise my play, I want to know if's bad, and positive injustice is done me when I get a good notice for a bad play."

Appailed the slaveholders. Father Giddings said to day: 'I have sat in this House twenty years and I never saw the slave power so completely ballled and cowed as during this fifteen hours' contest.'"

Imagine a Washington correspondent of the present day being compelled to send such reports to his paper!

It is only fair to state that through the error of an informant the shining honors of a Confederate brigandow were—"mutate nomine"—mistakenly conferred adior were—"mutate nomine"—mistakenly conferred whom General John H. Glesson a vallant, but some.

HE BLUSHED.

From The Boston Courier.

It was at a church fair in a Massachusetts town which has given a Governor to the Commonwealth, and among the missellaneous articles for sale on one of the tables was a patent hook for lifting kettles from the stove. The elergyman of the parish stood accidentally beside this table, when he was approached by a Harvard student who was lending to the occasion the light of his countenance.

"What is that thing for!" the student asked, taking hold of the utensil mentioned.

"I believe that is a pot-lifter," the clergyman answered.

swered.
"The youth regarded it curiously a moment in

"The youth regarded to curtously a moment in silence.

"Will you kindly tell me." he said at length, "how you lift a Jack-pot with it?"

The clerical gentleman blushed for the want of rev-erence shown to his cloth, and then, recollecting him-self, said that he did not understand the question.

THE TALE OF A DOG.

The Cincinnati Commercial-Gazetta

Yesterday moreing the aristocratic residents about seventh and Sycamore, who sleep late Saturday mornings, were awakened by a rattle of pistol shots, fired so quickly that they sounded like a Gatling gun practising a sharp staccato passage in its metallic voice.

There wasn't a riot, though. The racket was caused by Sorgeant Sam Corbin. He was assisted by his large and beautifully polished Smith & Wesson, and a small yellow dog, which was so abashed at the attention he was receiving from Colond Deitsch's offi-

and a small was receiving from Colonel Deitsch's offi-cer, and incidentally from a crowd of men and boys who lifted the fence and roof-tops over 35 East Seventh-st., that he hung his tail between his two trembling hind legs, shivered a shiver that shook his dirty chrysanthemum-yellow hide until it wrinkied like a frosted pumpkin, and looked reproachfully at the

big police officer who was firing large conical chunks of lead at him. None of them struck the dog. of lead at him. None of them struck the dog.

The target was big enough, but the Sergeant's aim
wasn't true. After the Sergeant had wasted all his
ammunition a small boy on the fence counted his
acore. The Sergeant had shot three yellow halts off
the dog's tail and the dog had hurt his right ear by
scraping it grainst the fence.
Sergeant Corbin then tied the dog to a choppingblork, borrowed an axe and guillotined the trembling
animal.

STORIES ABOUT ANIMALS.

THE ODD AFFECTION OF A DOG, A KITTEN AND A ROOSTER. Scranton, Penn., Nov. 3 (Special).-A man

southern part of Scranton is the owner of a small black-and-tan dog that would get himself into serious trouble half a dozen times a day, if it were not for the vigilance, agility and alacrity of a large tomcat belonging to the same person. The dog's name is Prince, and he is a meddlesome and pugnacious little fellow, but he thinks everything of the tomcat, and the cat appears to regard him as the most precious creature on the premises, for he keeps the dog out of many a scrape and squabble nearly every day in the The cat is a large and powerful yellow-andwhite beast, and he readily responds to the name of skip. He was a kitten when Prince was a puppy, and the two have grown up together and formed a remark-ably strong affection for each other. Whenever any body happens to step on the cat's tail, or to do anything else to the cat to make him yowl, Prince rushes to the defence of the cat snarling around and showing his teeth as though he was ready to tear the cat's enemy all to pieces. But the funniest thing about the two pets and their

great fondness for each other happens whenever Prince dashes out into the street and tackles some other dog. Nine out of ten of all the dogs that skip mish or sneak past the place could whip Prince single-handed, but for all that Prince does not hesitate to run out and pick a quarrel with any of them, for he knows that Skip, if he is within hearing distance, will come to his rescue at an instant's warning. The moment Skip sees Prince pitch upon a strange dog that is loping along the street, he hurries to the scene of the encounter, springs upon the back of the inoffensive cur, claws viciously into his hide, and sends him scampering and bowling down the street before he has a hance to realize what has struck him. The cat loosens his hold as soon as the stranger begins to hop away, and then he and the dog fondly rub against each other, and triumphantly caper back into the yard to wait for another dog to come along and get whipped. Along in the summer, when the cat was not in hearing distance, Prince ran foul of a mongrel cur that whipped him unmercifully, and since then he never ventures to tackle a passing dog unless he see that Skip is on hand to take his part.

One day this fall Prince had the temerity to pounce upon a savage white bulldog that was passing peaceably by. It would have gone hard with him if the cat had not been on the watch, but Skip was crouching near the gate when Prince dashed out at the buildog, and by the time that Prince had snapped at the bulldog's hind-quarters just often enough to make him turn about and go for his assailant, Skip had lighted on the bulldog's back, fastened his claws into the dog's shoulders and begun to make the white fur fly with his hind feet. It was a complete surprise to the buildog, who has killed scores of cats when he has had a fair chance at them, and he ran yelping away as though a bullet had hit him, not seeming to know, until the cat had left his bleeding back and scurred home, exactly what the trouble was. Prince and Skip are together much of the time, and all the cats in the immediate neighborhood have learned to avoid them.

Last June the young sons of Justice J. S. Bachman, of Gouldsboro, found a nest of little crows in a tall hemlock tree on the wooded ridge just across the Lehigh River from Mr. Bachman's house. three young crows in the nest when one of the boys climbed the tree, but one of them was dead, and the captured the others and took them home, very much to the mortification and disgust of the old crows is that part of the forest, as the noise and com among them indicated. One of the black youngsters was given away and the other was named Pete and completely tamed by the boys before he got big and strong enough to fly away. Pete is now a fixture of Squire Bashman's premises, and he is so cunning an mischievous that the boys have several times tried to get rid of him, but they haven't succeeded. A few weeks ago they sold him to Henry Stout for a peck of apples. Mr. Stout lives three miles away over it Monroe County, and he took Pete home with him that night, but before noon of the next day Pete had sailed back to Mr. Bachman's, and he has been there ever ince. He stole a spool of thread the other day and carried it to his hiding-place in the garden, and while the boys were hunting for it they found an old bonnet ribbon, a piece of a chair-tidy, and a lot of other things that the crow had stolen from the house and lugged away. The family had some pumpkin seeds drying on the root of the woodshed, and one day they noticed that more than one-half of them were missing. Pete had carried them away to his nest and later on the boys caught him at it. Pete is a very naughty crow, but Mr. Bachman doesn't want to kill him, and he is hoping that some one else will give the boys a peck of appl for him.

A dog, cat and chicken on the farm of Jasper Conkling, in South Gibson, formed a strange affection for one another during the summer. The first was a good-natured old farm dog named Watch, whose work days came to an end one year ago this fall, and who was being taken care of for the good he had done on the farm. He was half Newfoundland and half shepherd, and the only fault he had was to lie around in the way. The old cat gave birth to a litter of hittens in the spring, and the handsomest one in the lot, a gray and white striped little beauty was saved and named Zebra. Before the kitten was six weeks old it became attached to the old dog, and Watch seemed to think that the kitten was the most compunionable creature on the farm. The mother cal got jealous over the dog's attentions to her only little one, and Farmer Coulding says that she often took it by the nape of the neck and hid it away from the dog, who dashed about and was very uneasy until the kitten made its appearance again, as it was sure to do the moment the old cat gave it a chance.

dog, who dashed about and was very measy until the kitten made its appearance again, as it was sure to do the moment the old cat gave it a chance.

Along in the summer the mother cat began to pay less attention to her kitten and for hours at a time after that Watch and Zebra would romp and play together in the yard, the dog looking after the young car's welfare with as much care as though it was an animal of his own kind. When they got itred, the dog would lie down in the grass and doze away, while the kitten would curl itself up between the dog's fore and hind legs and go to sleep too. After a while Farmer Conkling noticed that a half-grown rooster, that had got to be big enough not to run with the rest of the brood any longer, was in company with the dog and cat a good deal of the time, and be wondered at it. He drove the chicken out of the yard, but the next day, while watch and Zebra were taking their usual nap in the grass, he found the rooster perched on the old dog's side, apparently enjoying a snooze also. Again he scared the chicken away, but in less than half an hour he was back in the yard, structing round and making himself agreeable to the dog and kitten, who had finished their nap and were having another play spell. They both appeared to enjoy the rooster's society as much as he did theirs, and so Farmer Conkling concluded to let them have their way.

The attachment between the three became stronger and stronger, and many a time after that Farmer Conkling found the rooster goes shortly before dark, waiting around until the old dog's legs. As long as the highly were warm the three slept together in the grass, the chicken never offering to go to roost with the other fowls; and when the nights got cool the farmer fixed up a little house for them near the woodshed. Into this the rooster goes shortly before dark, waiting around until the old dog and young cat join him, when they all soon go to sleep together in the same way as they have been doing that kind of exercisa as regularly as they have been do

intelligent dog by sight and would not have him for anything. During his six years of life, Prince has never sleet outselv of Mr. Juckson's house in the night. His house companion is a beautiful black kitten called Topsey, with whom he is off playful and intimate terms. Prince is one of the best-known and most intelligent dogs in Scranton, and everybody hopes that he will live to a good old age.

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